

Changed Masters.

The whirligig of time brings its reverses, and in those reverses history finds not seldom its highest poetic expression. And men who have defied the logic of events, and scorned to be taught by past example, are sometimes brought to blaspheme because the past is not dumb. The dumb past lies behind the age of letters, and men have known this for centuries, yet persisted in courses which all experience teaches never fail to bring such defiers to grief.

The situation in South Carolina, contrasted with the situation twelve years ago, presents the finest example of radical change, amounting to complete revolution, in the annals of civilized mankind. Twelve years ago, South Carolina was governed by a white minority, and was not Republican within the meaning of the Constitution. The State was as completely in the hands of a few governing families as if they owned it in fee simple. The entail was as strict as that of any English estate. As one generation dropped into the grave the sons stood in their fathers' places, ruling wisely enough, perhaps, but not in accord with a government by the majority, which the organic law assumes to guarantee to every constituent of the Union. Under the old regime, South Carolina was an aristocracy, minus the gilt and gold lace. But, not unmindful of the piquancy of paradox, South Carolina ranked in political annals as a Democratic State. A more stupendous satire upon political nomenclature never existed. Aristocratic constitutions sent Democrats to Congress, and a community of thoroughgoing aristocrats elected Democratic governors to conduct State affairs. It was a political fiction almost surpassing belief. No Democrat ever presumed to criticize that highly anomalous situation. The fact goes to show how completely names and things may be divorced when a party degenerates into nominalism.

The situation in South Carolina, to-day, is graphically depicted by a Democrat of the old regime in the correspondence to the New York World. Thus he indites with ink, in which some gall appears to be mingled, that the President of the Senate is a negro; the Speaker of the House is a negro; two-thirds of the members of both Houses are negroes; the important committees are presided over by negroes; the doorkeepers, messengers, and other officers are negroes; the Lieutenant Governor is also a negro; all the State officials, save two, are negroes; and, to crown the misfortunes of South Carolina, we are told there is no justice for white men there because the juries are negroes.

It remains for the independent journalist to finish the picture of revolution by stating that not more than ten years ago nearly all of these negro officials, if not all of them, were as much the property of the white men who now complain that they cannot have justice, under the law, as so many horned cattle and horses. When and where did time's whirligig bring such a revenge as that? As a revolution it is without precedent. As an exemplification of the dealings of Providence with man it stands alone in the utterances of its reluctant overbearing pride. As an illustration of the radical nature of a Republican government it is a study for statesmen. For the first time in half a century, the government of South Carolina is in accord with the theory and under the guarantees of the Constitution of the United States. As an illustration of the maxim, "Man proposes, but God disposes," the situation is worthy of the study of those divines who converted the relations of the historian into Divine mandates, all for the profit of human slavery. As they assumed to be called to preach, they now sit in their studies stricken dumb, all their fine reasoning and subtle fallacies consumed to ashes before their eyes.

And this is just. It is God dealing with man as man deals with his weaker fellow. For three-quarters of a century, the white minority sat in the high places, and worked their selfish will unchallenged, while the black majority toiled and spun, denied knowledge, denied personal liberty, denied possession of wife and child, scorned, degraded, outcast. Was there ever a rational being so fatuous as to believe that such a glaring blot upon free government could endure? Is it possible that the subtle mind of Calhoun never, at any moment, saw the system he sought to perpetuate, crumpling and falling to overwhelm the men who profited by it? So clever a man must have had a vision of retributive justice, like another Sardan, wresting away the supports that upheld the superstructure of wrong. If he did have a glimpse of this future, he probably regarded it as a figment of a weary brain. Yet, before his body had crumbled into dust the vision was realized. The bondsman of yesterday legislates for the master and owner of yesterday, and reversing the rule of that master, decrees that the opportunities of knowledge and growth shall be free to all.

But is South Carolina better or worse governed under the new order? That is our question. There can be no comparison in that respect under the Constitution. While South Carolina was an aristocracy it was at feud with the system under which we live. France was orderly and prosperous under the Empire, while several of our States have never been much better than anarchy under nominally Republican forms. Yet it would not be proper to compare those disorderly members with France under the Empire. South Carolina is now under majority rule, and that is all that any Democrat can presume

to demand for her or for any State of the Union.

THE LOVES OF ELIZABETH.—The sex of Elizabeth, of England, was a physiological blunder. Many of her most serious defects arose from her not having been a man, as nature must have originally designed. With a masculine will, a masculine character, and a masculine ambition, she had all the feminine weaknesses without any of the feminine graces or charms. Her vanity was in excess of her pride, and, in spite of her unquestionable greatness, rendered her ridiculous through life. She was ever anxious to be loved, and had the exceeding misfortune to be least lovable when she loved most. There was no great need of affection in her stubborn spirit, no yearning for sympathy in her self-sufficient nature, no inappetence craving for what romanticists would call intercourse of soul. She wanted lovers more than love, because lovers flattered her inordinate vanity, and told her, as lovers usually do, that which she secretly thought of herself. She never tired of hearing she was the Virgin Queen, and never acted as if she relished the arrogated honor. Coquetry she would have carried to a perilous degree, if there had been anything perilous in such a homely Amazon. Not one of all the men she had despatched and protracted flirtations with—not even Raleigh, nor Leicester, nor Essex—earned a *marriage* for her in the way she wished them to; but from reasons of state, and from motives of policy, they pretended to adore her.

Crafty courtiers as they were, it must have been difficult for them to refrain from laughing in Elizabeth's face, when they called her beautiful, or when they compared her voice to the tones of the lute. They had passed through many hardships, but nothing harder than to address Eurycle in the language becoming to Agamemnon. Raleigh showed his keenness of insight when he spread his rich mantle beneath her ungainly feet, and Leicester her understanding of character when he wrote to her that her lovely image banished sleep from his pillow. Of her numerous suitors, none would have given a filip for her heart, but much for her crown—the sole aim of their gallant masquerading.

The secret loves of Elizabeth and Seymour, and Raleigh, and Leicester, and Essex, and others, have often been written, and not, it is to be presumed, without a basis of truth. But love is a fine baptism for relations springing from vanity on one side, and from considerations of diplomacy on the other. The Princess in her early years appeared to be fond of Seymour, and it is charitable to think she was. Pretty stories have been told of the Countess of Nottingham's withholding the ring sent to the Queen by Essex before his execution, and of the consuming sorrow which Elizabeth suffered after his death. The stories are dramatic and interesting, their chief defect being that they are entirely untrue. The woman whose reputation had been almost irreparably injured by her connection with a man of whom she could calmly say after his execution, "His loss is not so much, for although he had large wit he had little judgment," would not be likely to be troubled by remorse for deliberately sending her nearest friend to the scaffold.

Elizabeth could not forgive in any of her sisters the possession of gifts and graces which she must have been privately conscious were lacking in herself. Mary Stuart's unpardonable offense was her beauty and seductive charm, and her rival was never able to regard with kindness the men who, willing to forget the woman in the sovereign had sought her hand, and afterwards wedded where inclination led. There is a species of dismal compensation in all conditions of life. If Elizabeth failed to awaken in any masculine breast the flame with which she hoped to kindle the torch of her vanity, and if her vestal assumptions were not always credited, she had the good fortune, so surrounded was she by distinguished soldiers, statesmen, and scholars, to shine with the light reflected from them, and bear in history a glow not her own.—*J. H. Brown, in Dec. Galaxy.*

INSANITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—The middle ages were a period of upheaval, when everything was swallowed up in the bottomless abyss of scholasticism and demonology, and medicine became a routine of superstitious practices. Such and such a plant was considered beneficial, if gathered at the new moon; but deadly poison, if at the new moon's wane. Science, art, and literature, went down in the storm, and wars, battles, pestilence, and famine were the order of the day. As God was invoked in vain, men turned to Satan. The belief in the devil was universal, and the world became a hell. Now both science and experience show that the prevailing notions of a given period are very rapidly taken up by the insane, and by them distorted into grotesque shapes, with a uniformity resembling the symptoms of epidemic disorders. This phenomenon is of daily occurrence. Thus, accordingly as France is ruled by a King, an Emperor, or a President, those insane persons who imagine themselves to be somebody, claim the rank of President, Emperor, or King, as the case may be. Just now, respectable women patients at Salpêtrière, Ste-Anne, Vancluse and Ville-Evard Asylums, solemnly assure the physicians in charge that they are *petroleuses*; while men of unquestionable patriotism will tell you that they guided the Prussians up the heights of Sedan. The phenomenon therefore of diabolical possession in the middle ages is perfectly natural. The calamities attendant on continual wars had so enervated the people, that

they were fit subjects for all manner of mental disorder; and this, taking form from the prevailing ideas of the times, found expression in demoniacal possession.

During the middle ages the devil was everywhere—*ubique demon*. There was one religious sect whose adepts were ever spitting, hawking, and blowing the nose with a view to expel the devils they had swallowed. A trace of this still remains in some localities, where one who sneezes is saluted with "God bless you!" Such beliefs were universal. Thus a certain belief of a convent had around him constantly a guard of two hundred men, who hewed the air with their swords, so as to cut to pieces the demons who were assailing him. Demons were even cited to appear before ecclesiastical tribunals—A curious and pitiful epoch, when the possessed and their exorcists were madmen alike.

This view of insanity was favored by the philosophical, or rather the theological ideas of the time. According to these, man was of two-fold nature. On the one hand was the flesh, mere matter; on the other, the soul, a direct emanation from Deity, passing through the vale of tears, on its way to the ineffable glory of heaven. The body is but the soul's dwelling-place—a temple or a den, accordingly as its invisible inhabitant is a servant of God or of Satan. Therefore, when the soul is diseased, the treatment must regard the soul alone, which is governed by laws of its own, and is merely in juxtaposition with the body for a moment. No doubt the ideal of purity thus held up was sublime; yet the result of it was the upsetting of the body's equilibrium; and this reacted on the mind. But this theory led to still more serious consequences; for it was admitted into science, and checked the progress of the medical art. When, in 1738 Broussais attacked it, he was accused of blasphemy and of "sapping the foundations" of society. Now, however, we know that the faculties of the mind are not independent of the conditions of the body. Take a slight dose of sulphate of quinine, and you lose, for the time being, the faculty of recollection; swallow a little hashish, and you are transiently insane.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

JEWELS OF AN ITALIAN PRINCESS.—Anne Brewster, in a letter to the Philadelphia Bulletin, tells of a little jewel box she has seen; "I was dining with the Princess Bariatsky the other evening. After dinner Miss Polk asked her to show me her jewels. I have seen some of them at the balls and receptions in Rome, but I wished to see the whole together. A large trunk-like box was brought into the drawing-room; it was unlocked, and the various drawers spread out on the tables. Such a glitter and splendor! There were old family diamonds—necklaces, pendants, earrings, dazzling bouquets—one necklace was composed of huge solitaires larger than a man's thumb-nail, with great pear-shaped diamond pendants. Her famous emeralds are uncut, and large as pigeon's eggs; there are necklaces, earrings, several pendants, ornaments for the head, etc. Among the diamonds was a large diamond solitaire with a fine diamond pendant, the famous Empress Catherine gave to a Bariatsky great-grandfather at his baptism. A rude bracelet of diamonds, very ancient, attracted my attention. It is of Persian workmanship; the stones are uncut and unpolished, set in beaten gold. There is a large pendant belonging to it, of uncut and unpolished diamonds, balustrades, sapphires, etc. a most barbaric and curious ornament; also a necklace from Georgia, an old Caucasian relic of early Christian days, with a round enamel and jewel-studded cross. Another brilliant set was of rock turquoises, with large diamonds, a full parure, pendant, necklace, etc., great bouquets, and the most exquisite earrings. Another curious parure was of pink pearls, mounted in diamonds; the necklace has pendants of pink-pear-shaped pearls. Then there were minor sets; large carbuncles set in diamonds, huge corals and diamonds, bracelets and pendants, that had been gifts from emperors and empresses in times past. The princess's diamond badge as *dame d'honneur* to the Empress Alexandra, is of large stones which form an imperial crown with a A beneath. Her daughter's *cliffie* as *demoiselle d'honneur* is the same, except there is a diamond M in the place of the A, for the name of the present Empress Marie. The Princess Bariatsky's mother, who died last Winter, the Princess Tschernicheff, was mistress of the robes and first lady of the empress's household. It was to this Princess Bariatsky, when she was a girl, that Chopin dedicated one of his *etudes*. We have had several long Chopin talks together; for she was a pupil of his, and had a great admiration for the famous Polish artist. She said she forgot, when she heard him play, that the piano was made of keys, hammers and strings; he drew out the music from the instrument; it was more like some subtle electric fluid than anything else.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S AMUSEMENTS.—The Queen's walks and drives are not confined within her own politics. She crosses the Dee almost daily, and is quite as often seen on the opposite side of the river. She always uses an open carriage, but not always the same. Sometimes it is a wagonette, sometimes a low pony phaeton. No guard of honor accompanies the royal equipage, however. Her trusty attendant, John Brown, sits on the box beside the coachman, and when there is not room for him there he rides on horseback by the side of the carriage. No fuss attends the Queen. An outsider a little in advance of the royal carriage clears the road, and the Queen goes quietly on her way, with a smile and a nod for any who chance to meet her. But as a rule, her Majesty is not intruded upon when she ventures beyond the royal domains, unless on Sunday, and then it is strangers only who can enter her. The cutters do not annoy her, and the comes and goes without molestation. Indeed they make a point of keeping out of the way when the white horse of the outrider appears in sight. Should the Queen, however, happen to come unexpectedly on her subjects by Dunsin, she is deferentially acknowledged. The Queen and her ladies frequently "picnic" in the woods or on the hill-side should it be handier. Materials to make a fire and cooking utensils are taken in the carriage, and tea is made on the green sward, and handed round in rustic fashion without any ceremony. At these afternoon "teas" the Queen has no special chair of honor. Her seat is pretty often on the stump of a tree, with her cup in her hand, or any other casual resting place that turns up conveniently. Excursions are made also to various places of interest, and every corrie and glen within reach has been visited by the royal family.

High Culture.

Thousands of intelligent Americans fancy that things here are at the very top of the notch, because they either have never seen the countries of the old world, or marked the enormous disparity between their culture and ours, or have paid but little attention to the higher walks of science, art, music, architecture and literature, in which the culture of Europe so far surpasses our own. While we do not justify self-depreciation, and have uniformly opposed and denounced creaking, yet cannot see what is to be gained by being so entirely satisfied that the condition of things here is so much in advance of what can be seen abroad. It cannot be denied that we are everywhere a predominantly practical people, and while this has its great advantages it has also its disadvantages. On the one hand it has made our material civilization an amazing fabric of rapid construction; but, on the other hand, no one who compares Europe with America can fail to see that in the highest forms of cultivation we are deplorably in arrears. It may be truly said that this is not for want of striving, for no people ever strove harder than ours to do everything within the range of human effort. But there is a defect somewhere in the machinery, since we are clearly that we are constantly indebted to European intellect and genius on such a scale that our own contributions to the sum of human knowledge will bear no comparison therewith. The Patent-office is our grand resource and pride, and we have pointed to that marvellous demonstration of the fertility of American invention, we fancy that we have upset all that has been so forcibly said by such men as De Tocqueville.

But how many of these inventors, who have reflected so much honor upon their country, have ever attained even fame during their lifetime as a reward for their achievements? Morse is one of the few exceptions. But Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, obtained neither fame nor money. And so it has been with the general mass of American inventors. Their productions have enriched others, while the men who invented them obtained no adequate reward. As to the cultivation of pure science, it is really true that it is neglected because we appreciate only the practical. We have in our own city a remarkable instance of this in the Academy of the Natural Sciences, the finest institution of its kind in America. It requires the constant supervision and management of the ablest scientists, and the regular preparation or overlooking of specimens, and yet the institution is left without an endowment adequate to the payment of any one for such labors, and the men who do the most of the work are obliged to do it without pay and for the love of science, in the intervals of other pursuits. It is only within the last few years that our University could obtain the aid essential to its maintenance and development upon a proper scale.

There is much more to do in this world beside building railroads and houses and bridges, and manufacturing goods, and buying and selling, and piling up material wealth. However men may be disposed to question it, knowledge really is power, and it is because the knowledge is cultivated in Europe, its highest forms, more assiduously than here that the practical men of those countries are constantly presented with more materials to work upon in the discoveries and developments of these men of intellect, art and science. It is a great mistake to suppose that everything can be taught in schools or colleges, or bought by money, or brought forth voluntarily by men laboring in private. There are many things for the development of which great facilities are essential, and the men who have the ability to do the work are seldom in possession of these facilities, or of the means to procure them. We must not merely have free public libraries, museums of science and galleries of art—we must encourage and sustain the men whom we see industriously at work using these for the purposes designed, even when we cannot see that their aims are practical.

MOVEMENT IN THE STAR DEPTHS.—One of the most striking features in the series of star motions observed and measured by Dr. Huggins, is the amazing velocity with which some of the stars are moving. Astronomers have ascertained that Sirius is moving at a rate of vision much more rapidly than the sun is traveling through space. But Sirius is so exceptional both in its brightness and in its estimated bulk, that its enormous velocity did not appear altogether surprising. It did not lead the generality of astronomers to consider that the sun's velocity and the average velocity of the stars had been greatly underestimated. But now we learn that a method of research which is far more trustworthy than any applied to the measurement of starward motions, that some of the stars are moving from or toward the earth with a velocity far exceeding that of Sirius. If we take the thwart motion of Sirius at 25 miles per second, and his motion of recession at 25 miles, this being the value assigned by the latest and best measurement, we find for his absolute motion the amazing velocity of 32 miles per second. But Dr. Huggins finds that Arcturus is receding from the sun at the rate of 55 miles per second, Vega at the rate of about 50, Aridrad (the chief brilliant of the Swan) at the rate of 39 miles, Pollux 49 miles, and Dabbe of the Great Bear at the rate of from 46 to 60 miles per second. Beside such motions as these, our sun's estimated velocity of about 43 miles per second, which seemed so imposing when it was considered that he bore with him at this enormous rate his whole family of planets, sinks into relative insignificance. We here recognize stellar rates of motion nearly equalling that at which our earth circuits around the sun. But a velocity which, considered with reference to a minute orb like the earth, is intelligible, is startling in the case of orbs like Arcturus and Vega, which undoubtedly exceed our own sun many times in volume. I use the word "intelligible" with a purpose; for I am not considering here what is conceivable or the reverse. We can in reality understand why the earth should be possessed of the velocity she actually displays. We know that the sun's attraction is competent to generate such a velocity, or a much greater velocity. But in the case of the stars these swift motions cannot be thus explained. The stars are too far apart to be so influenced by their mutual attractions that great velocities would be generated. And thus the thoughtful mind can not but recognize in the stellar motions that the subordinate, though even swifter motions of the earth, Venus, or Mercury. Whence sprang that amazing energy which is represented by the proper motions of the stars? If we admit the possibility that forces of eruption or explosion could account for the observed motions, we shall have to answer the startling question—Of what order are the orbs whence the giant suns were expelled? and the yet more difficult questions—Where are these orbs? and how is it that, inordinately large though they be, we are yet unable to distinguish them from ordinary suns? If, on the other hand, we prefer to regard the stellar velocities as generated by the attractions of larger orders of bodies than the stars (as planetary velocities may be regarded as generated by their parent suns), we still have the two last questions to answer; and, so far as can be judged, these questions are at present unanswerable.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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